

私の国際交流

千 宗 室

茶家（ちゃけ）に生を受けたことにより、私には生れながらにして伝統を守り、それを発信して行くという使命があった。茶道そのものが人と人、人との、ものとの調和の文化であるが、家元という立場はそれを守り継承するばかりではなく、全く茶道を知らない人々に会ってその素晴らしさを伝えることも重要な役目である。人と人との真の交わりは決して国や民族、宗教、習慣の違いに隔てられるものではないという信念で、この50年間ひたすら茶道普及に務めてきた。お陰で実に多くの国々を訪問し、多くの方々にお目にかかり、沢山の友を得る機会に恵まれた。

戦後間もなく私が茶道の平和思想を以て世界行脚を始めたころは、国際交流など庶民にはほど遠いものであった。諸外国での一般の認識は、日本といえばせいぜい「フジヤマ、サムライ」程度であったように記憶する。現在では情報網の目覚ましい発達により、もはやその様なことはないだろうが、草の根交流という言葉が使われるようになって久しい昨今、未だに国や民族、宗教、習慣等の違いが取り沙汰されている。そしてそれを乗り越えることのみが国際交流の目的の如くに思われている。

しかし、既に、世界が一つとなって、人類のため、地球のために未来を見据えて行かなければならない時代が来ている。近年、我々の地球を守り次世代に受け継ぐため、大気汚染や地球の温暖化をくい止めようと、先進国がリーダーシップをとって、世界環境会議が開かれている。文化遺産や大自然の景観なども、おのおのの国が定める文化財や国宝、自然保護区などといった個々の考えではなく、世界遺産という概念で、人類全体でこの大いなる賜を守っていかなければならないと世界のリーダー達が立ち上がっている。お互いを理解しようという初期の段階は終わり、国際交流は人類が一丸となるための次なる段階がもたらされているということではないだろうか。果たして何が出来なのか、私にとっても新たなチャレンジが始まるようとしている。

My Involvement with International Interchange

Soshitsu Sen XV, Ph.D.
Grand Tea Master
Urasenke Tradition of Tea

Having been born as the one destined to become successor of a long chanoyu lineage and tradition, it has been my inherent duty to protect and transmit the traditions of my forefathers. The Way of Tea is a culture founded upon harmony between people, between people and things, and between things. As the iemoto - that is, the grand tea master - however, my role is not only to protect and transmit this cultural tradition. Another important mission is to come in touch with people who know nothing about the Way of Tea, and convey to them the splendiddness of this tradition. With the conviction that true relationships between people can never be influenced by discrimination because of differences in nationality, race, religion, or customs, I have striven single-mindedly for the past fifty years to spread understanding of the Way of Tea. Towards this end, I have visited an amazingly large number of countries and met many people, and so I have been blessed with the opportunity to make many friends.

Soon after World War , when I began my world pilgrimage carrying with me the message of peace that the Way of Tea teaches, the notion of international interchange was a distant concept for people at large. I remember that in the various countries I visited, in most people's minds the word "Japan" simply conjured up images of Fujiyama, samurai, or things to that extent. Nowadays, thanks to the astounding development of information media, this situation has certainly changed. Nonetheless, even though it has been some time since talk of grassroots interchange became popular, there are people who still make an issue of

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national and racial differences, religious differences, differences in custom, and such things, and who believe that the one goal of international interchange is to overcome those differences.

The age has already come when the world must unitedly set its eyes on the future of all mankind and of this earth on which we live. In recent years, developed nations have taken the lead in holding conferences pertaining to the global environment, in an effort to stem the problems of air pollution and global warming so that we might protect our planet and pass it on to the future generations of humanity. As for our cultural assets and the natural scenic sites around us, as well, the world's

leaders are taking the initiative in propounding the concept that, instead of considering these as things which each country independently designates as cultural assets, national treasures, preservation zones, and so forth, these great bestowals must be protected by all mankind, in that they represent our mutual world heritage.

This must mean that we have come to the end of the stage in which international interchange was for trying to understand each other, and what is required in the next stage is that international interchange enables humanity to join together as a single circle. What I can accomplish towards this purpose, I do not know. For me, too, a new challenge is just beginning.

2000 (財)京都国際文化協会
講座カレンダー

主催：(財)京都国際文化協会
共催：京都市
後援：京都府・国際交流基金

2000 国際交流講座 -- 日本語を教える人のために			
月日	日本語教師養成講座Ⅰ 日本語を知るために		
1	4.11	日本語概説	玉村文郎
2	18	外から見た日本語	玉村文郎
3	25	日本語の表現	玉村文郎
4	5.9	日本語の文法(助詞・助動詞)	加藤久雄
5	16	日本語の文法(構文)	加藤久雄
6	23	音声・音韻	壇辻正剛
7	30	日本語の語彙	前田富祺
8	6.6	日本語の文字・表記	玉村文郎
9	13	言語のしくみ	吉田和彦
10	20	異文化理解と言語教育	泉文明
11	27	日本語の位相	浅野敏彦
12	7.9	日本語の歴史	前田富祺
13	11	国際化と日本語	玉村文郎
14	18	教授法と教材	松井嘉和
15	25	日本語教育の内容	玉村文郎

日本語教師養成講座Ⅱ 日本語を教えるために			
1	9.5	文法指導①	佐治圭三
2	12	文法指導②	佐治圭三
3	19	音声・音韻の指導	杉藤美代子
4	26	日本語学と対照研究	玉村文郎
5	10.3	日本語と中国語	大河内康憲
6	17	語彙指導①	玉村文郎
7	24	語彙指導②	玉村文郎
8	31	表記指導	泉文明
9	11.7	聴解指導	土岐哲
10	14	近・現代語の造形①	玉村禎郎
11	21	近・現代語の形成②	玉村禎郎
12	28	日本語とコリア語	泉文明
13	12.5	日本語とスペイン語	大蔵美和子
14	12	文字指導	玉村文郎
15	19	読解指導	玉村文郎

国際交流講座 - 日本語教師養成講座

異文化間、多文化間の理解と交流を深めようとする時、「ことば」は、その手掛かりや窓口であるばかりでなく、それぞれの文化の担い手であり、文化そのものであるとも言われています。一つの言語を教える人と学ぶ人のお互いの文化に対する理解が生まれ、幅広い交流が育つようにと、1983年以来、国際交流講座の柱になっているこの日本語教師養成講座では、述べ1000人を越える人が学んできました。1998年度からの新カリキュラムでは、日本語の基礎知識や教授法に加えて日本語教育能力検定試験対策も周到に配慮されています。4月からの講座Ⅰ、講座Ⅱは2頁に掲載していますが、全講座（ⅠⅡⅢ）を終了された方には、見学と教育実習のコースも準備されています。

一方、初めて日本語に出会う外国人のためには、京都市国際交流会館の「やさしい日本語教室」が、また、多様なニーズを持った日本語学習者のためには、当協会の「日本語個人/小グループレッスン」が用意されています。

特別企画 - 国際シンポジウム《世界の日本語》

7月4日（日）、京大会館に京都滞在中の外国人研究者をパネリストに迎え、国際シンポジウムが開かれました。譙燕さん（中国）、金裕成さん（韓国）、ベアリ・キースさん（アメリカ）、マルティーナ・エビさん（ドイツ）、スマティ・チャクラヴァティさん（インド）は、いずれも故国で日本語に出会い、習熟し、現在は後進を指導する立場におられます。玉村文郎同志社大学教授の司会で、日本語学習の動機、学習過程での苦労などが、個性豊かに語られました。続いて、各々故国における日本語教育事情が、またフロアからの質問に答える形で、求められる日本語教師像が、さらに教科書や副教材の問題点などが論じられました。会場前に設けられた「にほんごの凡人社」の来店も好評で、日本語教育に対する熱気に満ちた午後でした。

2000年度特別企画

特別講演「日本語の未来」

日時 2000年6月4日（日）午後2時～4時

会場 京大会館101号室

講師 加藤秀俊 国際交流基金日本語国際センター所長

費用 500円

参加ご希望の方は事務局 075-751-8958 まで



「日本語教師養成講座」授業風景

Japanese Lessons

KICA tailors Japanese lessons on your requests:

KICA Private/Small Group Lessons

8:00 ~ 21:00 at your convenience

Fees: ¥1,000 ~ /hour

Call KICA Office (075-751-8958)

The Kyoto International Community House offers basic Japanese lessons on Fridays:

First Steps in Japanese

13:00 ~ 15:00 and 18:00 ~ 20:00

Second Steps in Japanese 15:30 ~ 17:30

Fees: ¥3,000 for 12 weeks

Call Kyoto International Community House

(TEL.075-752-3511)



特別企画 - 国際シンポジウム「世界の日本語」

日本語個人/小グループレッスン

京都で生活するために、まず基礎を習いたい。子供が学校から持って帰る「お知らせ」が読めるように、ひらがなカタカナ、そして簡単な漢字も勉強したい。漢字は一点一画おろそかにせず、じっくりと学びたい。新聞が読めるように。経済や法律の論文、専門書を読まなければ。日本語能力試験に向けて、あるいは大学・大学院入試に向けて力をつけたい。1995年から始まった、このプログラムで日本語を学んでいる人たちは、京都に滞在する留学生、就学生、研究者、会社員、そしてその家族。立場や母国語、背景文化、日本語のレベルは勿論のこと、その目標や自由になる時間帯もさまざまです。教師は学習者のニーズに合わせてカリキュラムを準備、学習の時間帯と場所を設定します。古い町家を手直ししてやっと手に入れた日本語教室は路地の奥。高齢の人々の静かな日常を乱すことはできません。挨拶、扉の開け閉め、自転車の扱い。教室の中での言葉の勉強に加えて、地域への心配りが自然に身につきます。時には教室を出て訪ねる近くの神社やお寺は日本の歴史を語りかけてくれます。学習者の自宅や研究室に教師が出向いていく授業もあります。銀行、郵便局、区役所などでの手続き。毎日の買物やゴミの出し方。バスや電車、学校、病院。私たち日本人にとっては平凡な日常の暮らしも異なった文化圏から訪れる人にとっては不安と不思議に満ちた世界です。教師に投げかけられる小さな疑問を学習者の立場に立って受けとめ、応えていく中で、学習者の適応が進み、言葉も上達していきます。学習者にとっても教師にとっても、授業は毎回、異なった文化との出会いの場、真剣な学びの場です。日本語教師に求められるのは、日本語についての客観的な知識と、それを一つの外国語として教える技能ですが、加えて大切なことは異なった文化に対する興味と想像力を持ち続けることではないでしょうか。できる限り、柔軟で細やかな対応のできるプログラムでありたいと願っています。

KICA Private/Small Group Lessons of Japanese Language

Students of Japanese Language at KICA are from all different backgrounds and with various goals of learning. Some just want to survive in Kyoto, some need to understand notices and letters their children bring home

from schools, some need to read and comprehend academic books and papers, some are just fascinated in the new world of Kanji, and there are a considerable number of students who are brushing up their already good skills in Japanese in order to pass the examinations for the higher divisions at universities and The Japanese Language Proficiency Test.

Moreover, time and fees they can spend on lessons differ greatly as some are lucky enough to have good allowances for Japanese lessons from official organizations like JSPS while most of the others don't. Some want to study in the evening hours, while some have to rush to the nurseries to pick up their children following afternoon lessons.

KICA teachers decide curriculums and schedules for each student after a brief interview so that he/she can learn according to his/her own needs as much as possible. Most of the lessons are held at a small, humble, old (but renovated) Japanese townhouse near our office in Kyodai-Kaikan. Students are privileged to say "o-hayo-gozaïmasu" everyday to the senior residents in the neighborhood and learn a little about how they spend their retirement lives, something most students never encounter. Lessons are sometimes held at students' homes or laboratories in order to meet their situations. No matter where they are held, both teachers and students enjoy exchanging cultural ideas as well as teaching and learning Japanese.



Kesa For The Millennium Betsy Sterling Benjamin

国際文化講座 - KICAセミナー

京都府の後援を受けて開くこのセミナーには京都在住の外国人研究者やアーティストをお招きしています。

情報通信の発達した今日もなお、私たちにとってアフリカは遠いところ。6月12日にお招きしたノーマ・クリガー先生は南アフリカのケープタウンのご出身、アメリカでの研究テーマに選ばれたのはジンバブエの人々のイギリスからの独立運動でした。独立を勝ち取る戦いに加え、1980年の独立後も自らの秩序創出のために新しい苦しみを克服しなければならなかった人々。中でも大きな苦悩を背負った女性たちに注がれた先生の暖かい視線に、ほんの少しですが、アフリカを身近に感じることができました。

9月21日には京都大学に留学中のナターシャ・バスタリッチさんをお招きしました。ナターシャさんの故国クロアチアでは1992年から内戦が続き、1995年の停戦後も人々の間には激しい反目と対立が続いています。子供の頃には民族や宗教が異なる人々が隣人同士として仲良く暮らし、アドリア海の海辺はヨーロッパの国々からの避暑客で賑わっていたと語るナターシャさんの平和への思いは切実です。今も紛争の火種のくすぶるバルカンの国々に、一日も早く平和な暮らしをもどることを祈らずにはられません。

10月6日、「京の町家」の再生を京都府民は歓迎していると語られたのはケルン大学から来られた文化人類学者で国立民族学博物館研究員のクリストフ・ブルマン先生。府下の新旧建築物の写真90枚を基にして、1年半、140名から聞き取り調査をされた結果から、京都人は昨今の景観の猥雑化を嘆いており、若い世代にもこの京都人の美意識は育まれていると心強いご指摘。魅力ある京都の再生のために行政は情報公開を、市民は行動をと提言されました。

11月24日、織物研究家で染色作家のベツィ・ベンジャミン先生が制作を終えられたばかりの「7枚の袈裟」について語って下さいました。世界の人々が一つになって新ミレニアムを迎えたいとの思いを込めて制作された「7枚の袈裟」。6つの大陸へ送り出され、2000年1月1日、宗教の壁を越えた平和への祈りの際に着用されました。ここには7つの地域の人と自然の共生への願いが染めだされています。その後、「7枚の袈裟」は京都に戻り、2月1日から1週間、法然院で展示、一般公開されました。

KICA Seminar

We invited Dr. Norma Kriger to be the first speaker for '99 KICA Seminar on June 12. A graduate of the University of Cape Town, South Africa, she received her Ph.D in Political Science from MIT in the US. Her research has focused on Zimbabwe's fight for independence and its challenges since becoming independent in 1980. Her talk concerned the hard experiences of the people of Zimbabwe, especially the women there, and she brought the feeling of "Africa" a little closer to us all.

On September 21 we had a small tea gathering with Natasha Bastalic as a speaker. She talked about her home country Croatia and the civil wars that have raged there from 1992 to 1995 leaving permanent scars and bitter feelings among the people there. She told of how in her childhood people of various races and religions had peacefully lived together and how many European visitors came to the coastal resorts on the Adriatic. She touched us and left us sharing in her prayers for the return of peace to the Balkans.

Professor Christophe Bullmann, an anthropologist from Köln University, Germany, spoke about his scrupulous fieldwork on the Kyoto architecture at the seminar on October 6. Based on the data gathered from 140 Kyoto citizens over 18 months, he concluded that most of them hope to see the traditional Kyoto town-houses preserved and maintained.

On November 24, late autumn 1999, Ms. Betsy Sterling Benjamin, author of "The World of Rozome: Resist Textile of Japan" talked about her original millennium project of Seven Kesa, which she had just completed. The Seven Kesa, or Buddhist Robes, embroidered and appliqued from dyed silk were sent to each continent for January 1, 2000 prayers and meditations on healing. They were exhibited upon their return to Japan at Honen-in Temple in February 2000.

外国人留学生交流プログラム

現在、京都に住んでいる留学生は2500名と言われてい
ます。家族を加えともっと多いでしょう。彼らにも、私た
ちと同じように、元気な日もあれば、病む時もあり、日常
の小さなことに一喜一憂して暮らしています。些細なこと
で落ち込む日もあれば、誰にも話すことのできない悩みを
抱える日もあります。私たちなら、そんな時どうするでし
ょうか。家族や友達に聞いてもらう。ちょっとした小旅行
や買物をしたり、食事に行く。そんなことで解決される場
合もたくさんあります。彼らはどうでしょうか。概ね窮屈
な住居、慣れない食べ物と生活習慣、そして不十分な日本
語、きちきちの生活費。そんな中でできることは本当に限
られています。大学の留学生関係者や指導教官から学問研
究上の指導や助言を得ることはできますが、日常生活の細
かなところまでは手が届いていないのが現状です。また、
夫の留学に同伴して来日する妻の多くは専門教育を受けた
人たちですが、京都の社会にはその力や才能を活かす場が
なく、焦燥感に囚われることも少なくありません。

私たちスタッフは、彼らが同じ国や文化圏から来ている
先輩や友人を一番の頼りにしていることを理解しつつも、
私たちにできることは何だろうとずっと考えてきました。
一杯のお茶を淹れて一緒に飲む。そこから始めて、彼らの
心に近付いて行こうと思いました。私たちのプログラムが
いつも彼らの心にかかっているとは思いませんが、京都に
息づく伝統文化や、現代の京都のあちらこちらを訪ねなが
ら一緒に学んでいます。南座の歌舞伎鑑賞教室、文楽鑑賞
は恒例行事として定着しました。いけばなインターナショ
ナルのご好意で毎月、世界の生け花のデモンストレーショ
ンを見学します。裏千家国際局のご協力で茶道レッスンを
行い、鹿ヶ谷「さびえ」の茶席も経験しました。ささやか
なお茶の会、小さな食事会、ハイキング、美術館・博物館
巡り。昨夏は、海に縁の薄かった人たちと一緒に琵琶湖や
明石海峡大橋へも足を伸ばしました。どこへ行くか、何を
するかよりも、折りにふれて顔を合わせ、一緒に過ごす時
間を持つことを大切にしています。私たちも彼らもその思
いはひとりひとり違いますが、淋しい時に微笑みを交わし、
悩みに耳を傾け、心を通わせることができればと考えてい
ます。



A private lesson of Japanese

KICA Programs for Foreign Students and Families

The number of foreign students enrolled in colleges and universities in Kyoto is reported to be over 2,500 and many of them have families in Kyoto. Living with their own family is highly valued for the emotional support and mental stability it provides the foreign students, but it can be difficult on wives and children left alone while their husbands spend too much time studying.

Foreign students' wives, in many cases with good education and career trainings, sometimes feel lonely and depressed when they themselves are not studying nor allowed to work due to visa limitations. They need to have alternatives and options to stay active and meet people and develop good human relations.

Towards this end this program took some foreign students and their families and we visited places of interests in and around Kyoto, including museums, film parks, Kabuki and Bunraku performances, as well as organizing tea and lunch gatherings, small trips as far as Lake Biwa and the new Akashi Bridge. The Urasenke Foundation has been kind enough to offer lessons of the Way of Tea, and the Ikebana International Kyoto Chapter has kindly invited them to their monthly talks and demonstrations. Our programs have served as helpful leads for these students and their families to be introduced to different facets of the Japanese society and to a wider ranges of interesting people. We hope that in this far-reaching effort, true friendships are made.

留学生と作る世界の家庭料理

研究員のご主人とともにタイから京都に来られたテジャピラ・カシアンさんは子供の幼稚園での順応ぶりが気になる優しいお母さん。スパイスの効いたタイの麺料理は爽やかな味。ハンガリーでは小児科医として活躍しておられるヴィクトリアさんは京都では子育てで専念中。作って下さったお菓子はご家族の大好物とのこと、暖かく整えられたご家庭を彷彿させるものでした。スライ・スンリエンさんご夫妻のカンボジアカレーはお国特産の赤唐辛子をたっぷり入れます。ボバ・ツベティノヴィッチさんご一家はユーゴスラヴィアの玉子料理と一緒に、毎年30個は作られるというイースターエッグの作り方に続いて、彩色した玉子を手に持った子供たちがお互いにたたき合う遊びもご披露。

今年度最後の集まりでは、四方純子さんのご指導でこんにゃく作りに挑戦しました。こんにゃく芋の皮むきは全員で。さしみ、炊き込みご飯、てんぷらなど、各種こんにゃく料理の調理指導は当協会スタッフで。食物繊維の宝庫、こんにゃくは世界の食卓に根付くでしょうか。



Joy of cooking with the students from Abroad

We would like to thank Dr.Soshitsu Sen, President of KICA for his financial support which makes our programs possible.



KICA New Year's Party

Joy of Cooking with Students from Abroad

Cooking classes are regularly held and students from abroad and their families are invited to introduce dishes from their home countries.

Ms.Thejapira Kasian, whose daughter has just begun going to kindergarten, made a delicious and spicy lesson out of Thai noodles that pleased everyone. Mrs. Andrasme de Beretzky Victoria, a pediatrician from Hungary and also with a small child, delighted everyone with her homemade sweets. Mrs. Srey Sunleang and Mr. Onk Sokuntheary made an enjoyable Cambodian curry with indigenous red peppers. Mrs. Boba Cvetinovia, her husband Daian and their son demonstrated the art of decorating Easter eggs, along with other Yugoslavian egg dishes. "We would always make 30 Easter eggs," they said, and they showed how the children would crack the eggs against each other.

The last class featured Ms.Junko Shikata, a special friend of KICA, and she demonstrated how to make konnyaku, yam cake. The participants peeled devil's tongue potatoes together. The staff members helped prepare sashimi and tempura with fresh-made konnyaku. We hope that the students of this class spread the word about the healthy dietary benefits of konnyaku.

国際茶会

10月16日の午後、第20回国際茶会（国際茶道文化協会共催・裏千家後援）が開かれ、裏千家センターに300人が集いました。小グループに分かれて茶室に導かれ、茶道留学生「みどり会」の皆さんの点前による薄茶を味わいます。庭の樹々にも、心尽くしの点心にも、移ろう秋の彩りを見て、自然を敬い、互いを敬い、静かな中にも和やかな時間が流れます。今回初めて設けられた「茶道体験コーナー」では、実際に茶を点てる体験も持ちました。茶をいれて飲むという日常的な行為が磨きぬかれて一つの「道」に。人と人との出会いを大切にする普遍的な心が一期一会の作法に。異なった文化からの参加者にも新しい発見があったでしょう。



at International Tea Gathering

こどもたちの国際絵画展

京都子ども文化会館主催の絵画展に、当協会を通じて、外国人留学生、外国人研究者の家族から14名の子供たちが思い思いに描いた力作を出品しました。「自然」を描いたエジプトのモハメッド・サバ・エレスアルマウィ君に金賞、「雪の精」を描いたフランスのアデル・ティルイナさんと「山に登りましょう」を描いた中国のジョ・カイヨさんに銀賞、他11名に奨励賞が贈られました。この展覧会は京都子ども文化会館エンゼルギャラリーで、11月17日から12月2日まで開催され、出品した子供達も家族と共に会場を訪れ楽しいひとときを過ごしました。

International Tea Gathering

International Tea Gathering, jointly sponsored by KICA and Chanoyu International and supported by the Urasenke Foundation, was held on the afternoon of October 16. Some 300 guests gathered to enjoy an autumn day over a bowl of tea served by Midorikai, the international group of students studying Chado. For the first time in its 20-year history, the International Tea Gathering guests were encouraged to make tea by themselves at a specially prepared site. It is hoped that the wonder and discovery of the transformation of everyday tea drinking into the "Way of Tea" gave everyone a taste of the spirit and unique feeling of this practice.

'99 Art Exhibition for Multicultural Children

The Kyoto Angel House exhibited paintings and drawings by children of many cultures from the Kyoto and Shiga areas from November 17 to December 2, 1999. Fourteen children of KICA's friends were honored with special prizes and prizes for effort. The children said that they would cherish their experiences and share them with their home countries when they return.



Childrens at '99 Art Exhibition

KICA論文コンテスト「日本 - 私の視点から」

日本人は外からの視線を気にしすぎると言われていますが、私たちはこの視線を正面から捉えて自らの足元を見直すことを相互理解の糸口としたいとの思いからこのコンテスト（国際交流基金京都支部共催、京都府後援）を始めました。第22回を迎えた今回も、20編の論文が全国から寄せられ、予備審査で選ばれた4編の著者を迎えての口頭発表と審査表彰が10月24日京大会館で行なわれました。

中国の李さんの他は3人もアメリカ出身という結果はやや偏りを感じさせますが、1978年以来 600編を超える応募論文から選ばれた40編が5年毎に発刊された論文集『わたしの日本学 ~ 』に収録されている中では、アメリカ人著者によるものは13編、日米の交流の層の厚さに比して少ないとも感じられます。今回の受賞者は次の通りです。

京都国際文化協会賞（副賞10万円、1名）

「隠岐でお盆を過ごして」

テッド・テイラー（アメリカ）

奨励賞（副賞5万円、3名ABC順）

「『甘えの構造』は今」

ジェームス・ジェンセン（アメリカ）

「日本文化の仮面とプリズム」

リンダ・木山（アメリカ）

「住まいにみる日本」

李 桓（中国）

テイラーさんは、奥さんの故郷、隠岐で初めて家族の一員としてお盆を過ごし、新旧の間で揺れる隠岐の姿に反発しながらも、そこに残る家族の絆には普遍的な共感を覚えます。ジェンセンさんは日本人を理解する際の一つのキーワードであった「甘え」の昨今の姿から日本社会の変遷を探ります。木山さんは「一つの文化を教えることの難しさ」を専門的な日本研究と豊かな日本体験に基づいて論じ、建築学専攻の李さんは日本の住宅とその住まい方に日本人の「内」「外」の考え方が表れていることを指摘しました。

受賞論文は10頁以降に掲載しています。

2000年度は6月から募集を始めます。お問い合わせは、八ガキまたはFAXで、(財)京都国際文化協会まで。



Prize winners and judges at the party held after the contest

KICA Essay Contest: Japanese Culture, My View

For the 22nd annual essay contest sponsored by the Japan Foundation Kyoto Office and supported by Kyoto Prefectural government, four finalists were screened out of the 20 entries received. These finalists gave oral presentations on their essays in English and Japanese at Kyodai Kaikan on October 24. The winners were:

KICA Prize (with ¥100,000)

Ted Taylor (USA)

"An Outsider's Inside Look at Obon"

Prize for Effort (with ¥50,000 each)

James Jensen (USA)

"Searching for *Amae*"

Lorinda Kiyama (USA)

"Teaching Japanese Culture

Impostor, Funnel or Prism?"

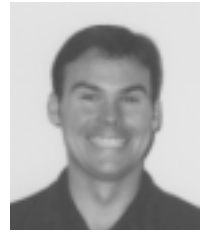
Li Huan (China)

"Japanese House, My View"

The prize essays appear on page 10 through 31.

KICA will start taking essay submissions in June, 2000. KICA welcomes submissions from all the international residents although '99 session turned out to have three American winners. The application form with the brochure will be sent to you upon your request by mail, fax or e-mail.

An Outsider's Inside Look at Obon



Ted Taylor

After four years living beside the Sea of Japan, I have become quite used to the moody weather which batters this side of Honshu. Yet looking at what the sky was doing this morning didn't endear me to the prospect of a two-hour-plus boat ride out to nearby Oki Island.

In the car driving to the boat, I feel a sense of panic, spurring on visions which were a throwback to my old lifeguarding days: dragging my pregnant wife in a cross-chest carry through cold, angry water. The ferry terminal ultimately presents something not horrifying but slightly annoying, hundreds of people cueing up to buy tickets. Packages and children in tow, they then crush onto the boat, perhaps three times as many people as seats. This is a scene I normally wouldn't expect from upright, by-the-book Japan. In fact, it is somewhat reminiscent of my trip down the Yangtze. Whole families eating and sleeping on floors, here sprawling on towels or sheets rather than amidst the spit, chicken bones, and peanut shells of China's southern farmers.

We eventually find some floor space in a long corridor running between first class cabins. Somehow my wife can sleep despite the ship's bow dropping into wave troughs with a thud. Later, it becomes smooth and I take a pleasant walk on deck. The air is free of the usual seagulls, but it is cool and clean, a relief from the stale humidity below.

We arrive at Saigo, on Oki's big island of Dogo. The ferry terminal here is filled with people either entering or fleeing the island for the holiday. My wife's father seems giddy, excited at his first trip home in thirteen

years. My mother-in-law decided not to come. She hid behind one of two excuses: her 16-year-old dog is ill and she's afraid it'll die while she's gone. In addition, she says, she is prone to seasickness. The hidden truth is that she doesn't want to spend the next three days running around in the role of daughter-in-law.

The grandmother doesn't come to the boat to greet us, but when we finally meet at her house (after my father-in-law forgets which exactly is his house), she isn't frightening or bossy at all. Instead, she's short and cute, wearing a head wrap like a 1920s bohemian. She punctuates all her sentences with a cackling laugh, and seems quite energetic for her 87 years. Signs of her age do occasionally show through. Getting out of a chair takes some extra effort, and she exhales forcefully at the end of it. I wonder what's going through her head as she sits quietly in her room, watching a television which isn't turned on. I try to talk to her but it's difficult. She's hard of hearing, so I'm forced to shout in bad Japanese. To make things worse, her offshore dialect is a jumble of strange intonation, pushed over false teeth. Nobody teaches this in any of my language texts. (When you study a language, I guess the assumption is that you'll only converse with healthy middle-aged people from the capital city. I could make a fortune on an English-listening course where the speakers are a lisping 18-year-old gang-banger from the Bronx talking to his toothless, deaf, immigrant granny from Georgia.)

During the war, many Japanese women were trained in the use of halberds in order to repel the soon-to-invade American forces. Over the last few years, I've

joked with my wife that I'm worried about meeting this old lady since she might slice me up. Ironically, in the tokonoma she has a small doll under glass, holding a halberd, of all things. Next to it is the Buddhist altar to the household's dead, a fixture in almost all Japanese homes and which will prove to be Obon's centerpiece. In this case, it honors the memory of the grandmother's husband, who died thirty years ago in the mountains nearby. Strangely, my wife's maternal grandfather also died in the mountains, and at roughly the same time. If life were more like a Hollywood film, my parents-in-law would've met in group therapy, or something. To continue the irony, I accidentally break the incense sticks as I kneel before this altar, repeating a mistake made the first time I prayed to that of the other man.

An uncle shows up for lunch at exactly noon. (I'm sure of the time because of the loudspeakers. All Japanese towns have music piped through similar sets of speakers at eight-, twelve-, and five-o'clock. Here, the tune is different. Also broadcast are the boat arrivals, perhaps carrying home a relative who had escaped to work in one of the mainland's big cities.) We are all seated on floor cushions except grandma, who's seated on a small legless chair, overlooking the family like a proud Italian matriarch. All the food is natural, grown or caught nearby. There is not a fried or processed thing on the table.

After lunch, we walk up the hill behind the house toward the forest. There is a small cemetery at the top, filled with the remains of the grandfather and other deceased from this village. Most Japanese are cremated these days, but due to local tradition, these people were buried whole, squatting inside a tall barrel. In the grandfather's case, this was a problem since his knees wouldn't bend, the result being that he was buried prone. Last year, he was moved to a site near the front of the graveyard. Of the old site, only a small pile of broken stones remain. The new is a clean modern stone

of smooth marble surrounded by small raked gravel. The view of the village and the bay beyond is incredible. Even the lanterns have glass shields inside to protect the candles from wind and rain as they burn for the next three days. It's a nice set-up, but a sad reminder of the quickly modernizing ways of the Japanese. All the homes we'll visit this weekend are beautiful ensembles of finely detailed wood and paper, but alongside stand the newer structures, with easy amenities like satellite TV hookups and climate control. This dichotomy of old and new is what first intrigued me about this country. On closer examination, it proves depressing. In all of the countries which I have visited, I have witnessed my country's sad attempt at corporate colonialism on an epic scale. This easy seduction of the American dream is baffling to me, as the whole foundation on which it's based is a relatively young idea and has yet to prove its endurance over time. Yet not even I am free from the charms. Minutes after being dazzled by a collection of swords and centuries-old artwork, I enter a modern room and describe a wide-screen television by using the same Japanese adjectives.

On the screen is the high school baseball tournament held at this time every year. (At the end of each game, I am continually amazed at the show of reserve and good sportsmanship displayed by the winning teams. Handshakes for the losers and appreciative bows to the fans. Nowhere do I see the things I've come to loathe about American sports: the self-congratulatory ass slaps; the dogpiles; the fist-pumping high-fives.) Today, the team from this prefecture is playing, so this game will be a common denominator in all the homes that we will either pass by or visit. Another parallel is that each house contains one of my father-in-law's nine siblings, the men in various stages of balding, like a bizarre cloning experiment hidden away in this small valley on this remote island. Yet another pattern running through the day is my

constantly reassuring my in-laws that I actually can eat the raw fish or pickled veggies. I can skip my usual morning shower for a nightly bath. Don't worry about me, I can (excruciatingly) knee-sit for hours. Being an "ambassador" has never been so apparent to me, and I wonder at the reactions to the Europeans who first set foot (or knee, as it were) in this long isolated system of islands.

In each home, we light incense and pray to the dead of the house. Then we all sit together for tea, the caffeine buzz lasting me though to the final visit. This last house offers a view of rice paddies stretching out toward a small bay. The stalks are nearly ready to harvest, bowing forward slightly in a way not unlike the Japanese themselves. In the fields, long bamboo poles are lashed together to use as racks for drying the crop.

Some of my wife's relatives have a few weeks of hard labor ahead of them following this holiday. Although the Japanese never really acquire the musculature of the European male, the men are all wiry strands of lean muscle. The women too, have a mobility rarely seen in the West, and a pleasantness which is just as far-reaching. My wife's 84-year-old aunt has one of those smiles often called contagious, her chin pulling forward as she works her gums over the few remaining teeth, a cartoon character come alive. This large family is just as animated, and I feel very welcome. Despite the cultural difference in terms of style, the old, homegrown look of my wife's grandmother's house reminds me of my own Nana's home back in the States. Yet there is something strange here as well. Despite my father-in-law not having come home for years (though in touch by phone and frequently visited on Honshu) there are no hugs or any other displays of emotion. I realize that this would be contrary to the Japanese custom of public reserve, but I keep looking for something. There is warmth, I suppose, but...

In the afternoon, the men put on ties and go to a

service for this year's dead. It's a small village, but it lost four people since last Obon. There is a steady procession of families walking toward town, a black cloud passing beneath the now blue sky. Later, they'll return for drinking which will go on into the night. As is typical, once the beer flows the gloves (and the ties) come off. As the volume of the men grows, so does their obvious delight in seeing each other after such a long time apart.

I am reassured. I have to be careful not to stereotype an entire race based on a single afternoon's observations, especially since I know nothing of the family's history or inner politics. My father-in-law's fondness extends to me as well, making me aware for the first time of the extent of his pride in having me as a son. He is able to see Japan through fresh eyes, in ways it had never occurred to him to look before. This trip is the first time he and I have been able to spend any real time together. As the conversation and the intoxication deepens, I feel accepted in a way I've yet to feel in the four years that I've been in country.

The next morning we're up early to tour some of the island's famous sites. I'd done this circuit three years before and I'm disappointed in how tourism has significantly altered the look in such a short time. At Kokubunji - Temple, I had once felt a sort of comradeship with the Emperor Go-Daigo, banished to these islands after an unsuccessful attempt to take power back from the ruling Kamakura Shogunate. I had imagined wandering the same grounds, reflecting on an exile (in my case self-imposed) from a home far away.

The temple itself is beautiful due to its age and unpretentiousness. Not so the loud and unnecessary loudspeaker blaring alongside. The history lesson which it blurts is certainly interesting but I would rather read it from the pamphlet I received at the front gate. It's much more peaceful to share a bit of the serenity and loneliness that Go-Daigo felt as he strolled beneath these

ancient cedars.

Down the hill is where the island's famous bullfights are held. Three years back, I watched one in a setting unchanged for centuries. Today, I walk past a cold concrete arena, seemingly poured into a single mold. This cement motif is repeated at a nearby shrine. Ugly gray squares act as prosthesis for a tree which has stood against typhoons for a thousand years. It detracts from the aesthetic subtlety for which the Japanese are known. In the island's main town as well, a newer home is an ugly orange slash amidst all the old weathered homes lining the waterfront.

Throughout the day, family members will stop in at grandmother's house, pray briefly at the altar, then head on to the next house. A few stay for lunch, a long affair of beer and local seafood which rambles on into the evening. During Obon, you're neither supposed to take life nor go to sea. Out of boredom, my wife's uncle goes out in his boat and catches one hundred squid, which his daughters bring by for sashimi. To my delight, we also have steamed barnacles, a delicacy I'd have never imagined while walking the jetties of the North Atlantic. My father-in-law's three sisters drop by, and the crack in the public face infrastructure that I glimpsed last night widens to reveal scenes of emotion rarely shown. This all seems familiar to me, played out with my own family at Thanksgivings and Christmases stretching back as long as I can remember. Love and warmth have a way of cutting across cultures.

Shortly after everyone goes home, the police erect a speed trap across the street. It's a unique and bizarre spectacle seen from the living room window. The boys in blue seem relaxed, sitting around chatting and laughing on this warm holiday evening. In spite of this, they keep busy, nabbing nine drivers in a little under an hour. My family seems satisfied in watching the results of their tax money.

After dinner, my wife and I go off to buy ice cream,

which we eat on a low wall overlooking the water. Squid and fugu swim through the arcs traced by our flashlight, and not far away, a group of boys shoot bottle rockets out over the bay.

Later, I wander off alone into the hills. Neither my wife nor her father wanted to join me, and I wonder what superstition might be behind their reluctance. As I walk further up into the forest, I'm amazed at how black it is, the darkness unmolested by moon or stars or the neon which is an omnipresent fixture in the towns of the mainland. The only thing that cuts through the darkness are the candles burning in the stone lamps which flank all the graves. A few solitary pairs line my path, others dot the surrounding hills. I come across a large cluster which is the graveyard. Finding my new grandfather's site, I say to the stone, "Welcome home." He will be joined by a procession of ghosts stretching back 4000 years, guided by the lights burning tonight not only on this island, but across the entire Japanese archipelago.

I stare up at a few reaching toward the top of the ridge. Large still fireflies. The silence is so complete that it overwhelms everything. The only sign of life is my eyes which dance with each flicker of the flames. I take this in awhile. Then, the mortal fear of death begins to creep in, and I retreat quickly down the hill. I cut through the village, finding comfort in scenes of life played out through open shoji. In reconstructed living rooms, people eat using chopsticks made from the wood of rainforest trees, watching mindless, asinine TV shows, occasionally punctuated by fireworks, each burst scattering bits of paper into the clean, pristine bay. Right now, these things don't seem to cut as deeply as usual. Instead, I recognize them as the spirit of the living. Life, and its celebration, is what I find at the heart of this holiday, the Buddhist Memorial for the Dead. My usual reactions to Japanese society, a pendulum continually swinging between fascination and frustration, are reactions to things rooted in life, a life whose essence is

no different from that in my own country or in the countries of the people with whom I share living/working/drinking space.

Over a tall cup of Oki Island's famous sake, I sit and put pen to paper trying to find for myself a new definition of the word "exotic."

Searching For *Amae*

When I decided to accept the challenge of writing an essay for this contest, I turned to my notebooks for a suitable topic. I assumed, because of my passion for history, that I would write on an historical event or era of particular cultural importance. In perusing my notes, however, I came upon a note I had scribbled about *amae*. It said that *amae* was pervasive in Japanese society, and of central importance in understanding Japanese people. I was surprised on two accounts. First, I could not remember writing the note. Also, I had been in Japan three years, had experienced or heard of many aspects of the Japanese character, yet I had no idea what *amae* was. How is it, I wondered, that something pervasive and of such importance had completely escaped my understanding? I was curious, and decided to find out what was behind the note. This signaled, although I did not know it at the time, the starting point of a journey that would take me farther than I was able to go. What follows is the perplexing, sometimes difficult, and certainly interesting investigation into *amae*.



James C. Jensen

Learning of Takeo Doi

My first task was to track down the quote that had led to my scribbles. This was not difficult. With a minimum of detective work, I found a boxed-off paragraph in a guidebook entitled "A Note on *Amae*," which called *amae* the key to understanding Japanese society. I had obviously come across this paragraph while looking for some other information, noted its content and then forgot about it. The paragraph also mentioned Takeo Doi, the psychiatrist who first proposed this theory. It was the first time I had come across his name. There was no other information given so my curiosity increased.

My Student's First Reaction

As usual, when seeking information about Japanese society, I turned to my English students. I asked a group of fluent speakers what *amae* was. I expected an easy answer, but, to my surprise, the students were at

somewhat of a loss for words. They did not seem to know how to respond. I rephrased the question. I asked them to give examples of *amae*. This, too, proved difficult. They did not seem to be able to articulate what *amae* was. I pressed and finally got some replies that surprised me. One man, for example, said that *amae* was the junior high school kids who hang around in front of the convenience stores. I was bewildered. The kids hanging around the Mini-Stop are the key to Japanese society? Another replied that *amae* was a spoiled child and someone said it was a husband that takes his wife for granted. This, needless to say, was not the direction I had expected my quest for the key to understanding Japanese society to take. My curiosity was greater than ever. My search was truly underway.

Indulgence

I knew I would have to find and read Doi's book, but before that, the next stop on my journey, was a book in my possession: The Japanese, by Edwin O. Reischauer. The explanation of *amae* I found there was clear and served as a good starting place. He states that "the child (Japanese) develops an expectation of understanding indulgence from the mother but also an acceptance of her authority, and in time this attitude becomes expanded into an acceptance of the authority of the surrounding social milieu and a need for and dependence on this broader social approval." (Reischauer, 1977).

As succinct an explanation of *amae* as I would find, Reischauer's words tied together much of what my students had hinted at. The spoiled child, the junior high kids in front of the convenience store, and the ungrateful husband are all behaving in a manner that expects indulgence on the part of parents, society and /or spouses. Another book I found on my bookshelf added that in the West "as a child begins to grow up and enter

his teens, he is taught to develop his own personality and make decisions for himself. He is not encouraged to continue depending on his parents. In Japan this decision-making is rarely pushed on the child. Thus he continues to depend on his parents-especially his mother-for support and guidance" (McLean 1986). This helped me on my way to understanding what my students were trying to say.

"The Anatomy of Dependence"

When I finally got a hold of Doi's book, The Anatomy of Dependence, I discovered that, indeed, I was on the right track, but just barely. I quickly discovered, however, that some of my confusion stemmed from semantics.

For Doi the term *amae*, as Reischauer had pointed out, initially infers a strong sense of indulgence because it refers to the feelings that all infants harbor toward the mothers- dependence, the desire to be passively loved, the unwillingness to be separated from the warm mother-child circle. Dr. Doi's basic premise is that while this is a universal emotion, in the West it is not apprehended consciously, as is evident from the fact that there is no equivalent word in Western languages. In Japan, though, these feelings are given a name, they are articulated and, he claims, are somehow prolonged and diffused throughout adult life. These feelings, he maintains, come to shape, to a greater extent than in the West, a Japanese person's attitude towards life (Doi p.8).

Dr. Doi examines the implications of *amae*, along with a whole vocabulary of related words, and in this way traces its influence throughout Japanese society. It is a book written for Japanese, and I did not understand everything that the book touched on. What I did understand, however, helped clear up the confusion resulting from my conversations with my students. The problem is that for most people, in every day speech,

amae has a negative connotation. It seemed to imply over-indulgence, presumption, perhaps a weakness. For Doi, however, it is positive. It can certainly have its negative aspects, he wrote an entire chapter describing the pathology of *amae*; what happens, that is, when the need for *amae* is frustrated or misdirected. In general, however, he puts *amae* in a positive light. It is something warm and human. He even suspects that the malaise of modern man, which he sees as less pronounced in Japan, is due to the lack of *amae*, a lack of dependence and consideration. In any case, the need for *amae*, the need for dependence that he sees as pervasive in Japan, is not necessarily negative. A couple of anecdotes from his personal experiences, were extremely interesting and enlightening in this regard.

In relating how he first came to be interested in *amae*, Dr. Doi reflects back on his first visit to America. He tells the story of how he was invited to the home of an American, and when he arrived, he recalls, he was particularly hungry. The American host asked if he was hungry and offered some ice cream. Feeling shy, Doi refused although he really would have liked it. In typical American fashion, the host took him at his word, said O.K. and didn't offer again. Regretting that he had not been more honest, he could not help thinking that a Japanese host would never ask a stranger if he was hungry, but would produce something to eat without asking (Doi p.11).

Along the same lines, Doi relates how he came to understand the common American invitation, "help yourself." For his American friends, and indeed for me, such an invitation is warm and friendly. For an American this invites one to relax, to act as if you were in your own home. To Doi, however, it seemed to imply something quite the contrary. Instead of friendliness he felt a coldness. To him it meant help yourself because I am not going to help you. It seemed "excessively lacking in consideration" (Doi p. 13).

These events, and others like them, set him on the search for what it was about himself that was different from his American friends. Upon his return to Japan, he continued his quest. Slowly, through his patients and Japanese literature, he came to understand the chief characteristic of the Japanese mentality to be something that can best be described as *amae* (Doi p.17).

I found these anecdotes of particular interest. First, they interested me because they offered an interesting slant on my own culture, but also, because in terms of my quest to discover where and how I am affected by *amae* they helped me understand what Dr. Doi was driving at. *Amae*, the way that he defined it, was something more than the over-indulgence that it seems to be in popular parlance. Doi gives it a human face, he makes it warm and comforting, recalling the original mother-child relationship. For Doi *amae* is not as selfish as the common connotation seems to imply.

Individual or Group: "I" or "We"

It's been said that going somewhere is better than being there. And while I'm not convinced that this is true when travelling in the real world, it certainly was true in my search for *amae* to this point. For, I enjoyed discussing the topic with friends and students, but I really did not seem to be understanding the concept, on a deep level, any better. I had learned the definition, but had no "feel" for how it operated psychologically. So, armed with my newly acquired, if superficial, understanding of what Doi meant by *amae*, when time allowed, I turned again to my students.

At first the students were again reluctant to admit the importance of *amae* in Japanese culture. Once I pointed out the discrepancy in their understanding of the word and the broader more positive meaning that Doi ascribed it, they became more open to the idea. In fact, a very lively discussion ensued.

While not agreeing to everything that Doi implied, my students agreed that something akin to *amae*, or at least a type of dependence, operates in many aspects of Japanese life. They could see, for example, that the “group mentality” of the Japanese has something to do with dependence. If one identifies strongly with a group it is especially important to maintain good relations and avoid conflict. If *amae* is understood in the broad terms with which Reischauer defined it, the need for dependence can be seen manifesting itself in the many ways the Japanese strive to maintain harmony.

We discussed the distinction between *uchi*, those within ones “in” group, and *soto*, those outside this group in terms of the Japanese family, school group, and company. The manner in which Japanese people communicate with each other, as well as the way they relate to their place of employment were mentioned as having particular importance to the Japanese. This, for me, was enlightening. It was a turning point in my search.

Differing Communication Patterns

It had not occurred to me, but as a language teacher, the obvious place for me to find a sense of *amae* was in my conversations with Japanese people, and once my students had pointed me in this direction it was not difficult to find intellectual support for the prevasiveness of *amae* in the way that Japanese communicate. In an article in the *JALT Journal*, for example, I found an argument that claims the Japanese communicative style is based on a set of cultural values which emphasize *omoiyari* (empathy) over explicit verbal communication. The argument goes on to say that the extremely homogeneous, group-oriented society of Japan allows for indirectness: people must be able to understand each other’s thoughts and feelings without explicit verbal expression (Rose 1996). There is, then, a responsibility

on the part of the listener, and in turn, a dependency on the part of the speaker.

Going hand in hand with this, I found a discussion of the importance of silence in Japanese conversation (Rinnert 1995). In Japan, the article states, one shows respect for other people’s questions by taking the time to think about their response. In English, on the other hand, silence in conversation is seen as a failure and is generally stigmatized. The longer pauses between turns, the fact that there is less overlapping and fewer instances of two speakers talking at once as compared to American conversation, can be seen as reflecting different attitudes between the speaker and listener. The implications of such differences in conversational style, the article continues, is that English speakers, and certainly teachers, might not only get the impression that Japanese speakers are shy and non-assertive, but that they might question the competence of the Japanese speaker. With this realization, the sense of dependence, *amae*, or something similar to it, intersects with my life in an important way.

First, as a teacher, I need to be aware of the difference in communication strategies when dealing with my Japanese students. Silence, I should note, is not necessarily a sign of uncertainty or incompetence. It might just be that the students are showing what they consider an appropriate amount of respect. Also, as a foreigner in Japan, I should be familiar with the kind of problems that stem from differing communication patterns, and, indeed, I am. Like Doi in America, in Japan I have been confused by people’s invitations and refusals to invitations. I am aware that I must at times seem rude, just as Japanese people misusing English at times sound rude to me. I was not surprised by what I read, but discovering that *amae* plays a role in this gave me, once again, a sense of getting somewhere. It was rather like calling a taxi to go next door, but I was motivated to continue my search.

The work place

With my sails full of wind, I decided to investigate how I was affected by *amae* at my place of employment. So, I asked a colleague, who has been in Japan over twenty years, his opinion. He took the wind out of my sails by commenting that he was familiar with Doi's arguments and that they are no longer relevant. Japan has changed so much since Doi came up with his theory, he said, that it is no longer a valuable tool for investigating Japanese society.

Hoping for a breeze that would again fill my sails, I reasoned that if *amae* had once been essential to understanding the Japanese, an understanding of the differing role of *amae* should be a valuable tool for understanding the changes in Japanese society. Following this line of thinking, I returned to my bookshelf and to a noted expert on Japanese culture. I retrieved another book I had acquired when I first arrived in Japan: Japan: The Fragile Superpower, by Frank Gibney (Gibney 1979).

Seeming to follow the lead of Doi, Gibney, poetically claims that *amae* is underlying the admirably structured landscape of Japanese society like a geological fault which is continually felt, but is rarely mentioned by real estate agents. (Gibney 119). Like Doi, or perhaps because of Doi who he quotes extensively, Gibney sees *amae* as a phenomenon that is pervasive in Japan. In a chapter entitled "Dependency Begins at Home," Gibney finds traces of *amae* in almost all aspects of Japanese society. Centuries of tight group living, Gibney maintains, has led to most people feeling they will be taken care of somehow. In the workplace, the most obvious example of this is the practice of life-time employment. Hired right out of college, and in return for total commitment, employees are taken care of for life.

Today, however, things are changing; unemployment is at record highs, college graduates are no longer

guaranteed a job for life. The defining theme of the Japanese system- protecting jobs- is being undercut. Less and less, as Japan struggles to compete in the global economy, can companies guarantee their employees the kind of security they had guaranteed in the past. Overnight, an article in the Japan Times says, Japanese workers have been catapulted from a secure world of lifetime jobs and guaranteed raises to a potentially scary world of possible abrupt firings (Sugawara 1999). In response, no longer will employees feel the sense of loyalty they had in the past. Perhaps, it is at the workplace, above all, that the breakdown of what could be called *amae* reflects the changes that are taking place in Japanese society.

When I shared my reflections with my aforementioned colleague, he seemed uninterested. "Do you want to know how *amae*, if you accept Doi, affects you?" he asked. When I replied that I obviously did, he said "Think of the meetings that you find too numerous. Think of the notes that remind you of things you already know. These things, and all the other things the staff does to reach agreement, to eliminate confusion, and to help you, this is what Doi would consider the indulgence of *amae*. You probably feel the Japanese are too apologetic, too conformist. This, too, is Doi's *amae*. Their need to maintain harmony, their reluctance to do anything that will cause conflict is, if you accept Doi, related to the need to assure one's good will. Only in such an environment can what he called *amae* survive."

Of Ups and Downs

My colleague's opinion told me a lot. Not only about *amae*, but about how my search was affecting people around me. For, his speech was not impromptu. This was not off the cuff, but had been thought out. He had been waiting for the opportunity to say it. And, while he was nice about it, and seemed to be trying to be helpful,

I sensed that he was annoyed. I had been pestering friends and colleagues about whether this or that might be examples of *amae* and my co-worker, I'm afraid, had become irritated.

I had bothered people in other ways, as well. One of Doi's most important points is that the word *amae* exists in Japanese and not in other languages. The implications of this, he feels, extend through a number of related words. I needed an understanding of these words that goes beyond the dictionary. In asking the meanings of various words, I'm afraid, I was also annoying to friends and colleagues. This was the down-side of my search.

There was an up-side, however, like when I would come across something which lent itself to being understood in terms of *amae*. I came across an article in Newsweek, for example, that mentioned the lawyer of Aum's victims. When asked how Aum was able to attract recruits, he said that Aum's attraction was two-fold: "a common dissatisfaction with Japanese society combined with a yearning to rely on others for guidance." When I read this I instantly thought of it in terms of displaced *amae* (Kattoulas 1998).

I felt using *amae* as a framework for analysis in this way to be valid, for it is a universal human experience. Doi does not claim that it is uniquely Japanese, it is simply more pronounced in Japanese society. It affects us all, everywhere, and can serve, then, as a means of understanding and comparing societies.

The same article in Newsweek, mentions junk food, the school system, and drugs as possible causes for the current rise in Japanese juvenile crime. It implies, however, that the main problem is the fragmentation of the family; the fact that increasingly, both parents hold jobs. Like parents in much of the industrialized world, Japanese parents today have less time for child rearing. Doi, the student rebellion of the 60's fresh in his memory, wrote of the "fatherless society." For him, the

younger generation was trying to establish a set of values and was irritated with the older generation for not providing one. Similarly, Gibney claims that Japanese youth, are over-indulged and under-led (Gibney 1979). Doi would see this as a matter pertaining to *amae*. I see it as an interesting slant to a universal problem, a problem that I see in a new light because of my investigation into *amae*.

Final Thoughts

I'm not sure exactly when I decided to write about *amae*. It must have been shortly after coming across the reference in my notes, for I did not return to my notebook in search of another topic. And, while this was an ominous day for the people whom I pestered with inquiries, it was for me, to use my metaphor once again, the start of an interesting and useful journey.

This is not to say that I have accepted everything that Doi maintains. There are problems. One, for example, arises with the kind of linguistic analysis that he carries out. He relies on what is known as the Sapir-Whorf Hypothesis, a theory that claims that our thoughts are determined by our language. The idea is that language shapes our perceptions, the way we experience the world. If one accepts this idea, as Doi does to a large degree, the fact that the word *amae* may be unique to the Japanese language implies that the Japanese people must have a unique experience of *amae*. Intriguing as this might seem at first glance, such linguist pursuits, and the Sapir-Whorf Hypothesis itself, have come under fire recently. They are no longer held in such high regard as they were when Doi wrote.

Other complications arose as well. When speaking with a Chinese friend about the implications of Doi's thoughts, she commented that what he was describing sounded like Confucianism. Similarly, when reading something about Shintoism, much of what was said

about Shinto values sounded like Doi's *amae*. Is what Doi described as *amae* a unique blending of Confucianism and Shintoism, or was he, as a psychologist, simply using Freudian techniques to describe Confucianism and Shintoism in another manner. I am left with the question. I'm not enough of a sociologist to venture an answer. As I stated at the beginning, my journey would take me farther than I was able to go.

Doi's analysis is valuable, though, in that it has provided me with a tool to investigate Japanese society. It helped me better understand the environment in which I find myself. It also, perhaps more importantly, allows for comparison with my culture. Ultimately, then, it has helped me to understand myself, which, for me, is the ultimate goal of inter-cultural experience.

Lastly, my investigation into the nature of *amae* was food for thought; something to ponder as I carried on day to day. Japan, for me, is an easy place to live. The people are exceptionally kind and helpful. I find the hospitality, which Doi so sorely missed in America, wonderfully warm and human. And I believe having studied and discussed Doi's ideas, even if I am unable to come to a profound conclusion, has deepened my appreciation and awareness of the nature of inter-personal relations in Japan.

Beyond the inter-personal level, my investigation has made me more aware of how civilized Japan is. The institutions are indulgent. From the customer service one gets in the department stores to the announcements on the trains, there is a consideration for others that I find truly amazing. I went into the local post office the other day, for example, and found a pair of reading glasses available for my use. Being lazy, or perhaps to vain to admit that I am at the age where I should carry such things, I didn't have my reading glasses with me. Seeing that someone had taken people like me into consideration was, I felt, extremely thoughtful and

actually quite surprising. This would never happen in the U.S. And, while I can't say for sure why the post office is so thoughtful, my experience of Japan is richer because I can wonder and try to fit such events into my understanding of Doi's work.

John Bester, in the forward to The Anatomy of Dependence, says that "to awaken to the significance of *amae* is to be given a key to a new understanding of the whole of Japanese society, culture, and art." This key is what I set out in search of. Unfortunately, I was not able to penetrate deep enough to find it. I lack the tools, both linguistic and psychological. I found the keyhole, however, and I peeked in. With time, perhaps, I will come to a deeper understanding. In the meantime, I'm thankful, and I'll keep searching.

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Teaching Japanese Culture - Impostor, Funnel, or Prism?



Lorinda Robertson Kiyama

I first went to Kyoto at the age of thirteen, with my parents, five brothers, and sister. Some months had passed since IBM had transferred my father and the rest of us to Tokyo. This was our first big trip out of the city. We visited the usual sites - Kiyomizudera and Kinkakuji - and stayed at a Japanese inn. My first night sleeping on tatami mats and futons, I wrote in my diary that my future husband and I would honeymoon in Kyoto. What a bold thing for such an inexperienced person to decide! We had seen hardly a fraction of the city and I was completely uninterested in guys. I could barely speak survival Japanese. Over the years, the impression flickered into consciousness every once in a while. The summer my family and I moved back to the United States I had just turned seventeen. I convinced my parents, as a farewell to Japan, to let me spend three weeks on a homestay near Kyoto. Fearing I would never have the good fortune of returning, I tried to visit every site in the guide book. Day after day of sticky heat the city beckoned me back. My homestay family was amazed that old Japanese buildings and statues could have captivated a lone American teenager for three full weeks. I left the country burning with questions about what I had seen, determined to return someday.

Five years ago, my adolescent dream came true. Together with my newly-wed husband, I spent a week in Kyoto. Like me, my husband had been in love with the city long before we met. As a teacher of classical Japanese literature in Kyushu, one of his passions has been visiting obscure graves, literary landmarks, temples, and shrines. He, too, could think of no better

place than Kyoto for a honeymoon. We stayed at Gesshiin, a cheap Buddhist temple lodge in Higashiyama. During the daytime, we traced the steps of historical and literary figures. In the evenings, we watched noh and kyogen theater. The town inexhaustibly entranced us. At the end of the trip, I found myself happily crying.

To this day, I am baffled by my and my husband's devotion to Kyoto. What explains the magnetism of, arguably, the bastion of Japanese culture? Is it the architecture? The scenery? The food? The festivals? Are we drawn to the hushed holiness of sacred space? How can a city exert so much power over two individuals, an American and a Japanese, a female and a male? What keeps us coming back as often as time and money permit? Perhaps more pertinent, what were we seeking? What fantasy did we expect Kyoto to satisfy?

Strangely, it was in the United States I was forced to come to terms with this irrational, affectionate allegiance that led me into the field of classical Japanese literature. As a Ph.D. candidate at Stanford University, part of my training involved working as a teaching assistant for Japanese language and culture courses. One academic term, I served as a teacher's aide and discussion group leader for Introduction to Traditional Japanese Civilization. The class was a grab bag of lectures on pre-1600 Japan by professors from the literature, art, religion, and history departments. You might call it the best hits of classical Japanese culture. None of the professors was Japanese. When it came to total years of residency in Japan, I surpassed them all. They sometimes, sheepishly, made reference to this fact

and turned to me to confirm statements about modern Japan. What an awkward position, to be advising one's professors on Japanese culture! Another academic year, I helped teach one of the introductory Japanese language courses. Due to the pregnancy of the main lecturer, I became the sole instructor for the last three months. Suddenly, I was thrust into the uncomfortable role of authoritative conveyor of Japanese language and culture to my peers. I was free, within the limits of the course structure, to impart my version of Japan without the scrutiny of a native Japanese supervisor. Of course I was concerned about my ratings as a teacher. I realized that, in effect, I had to offer some brand of Japanese culture that would keep my fellow college students coming to class.

During the months at home with my husband in Japan over winter and summer breaks, a number of experiences impressed on me the absurdity of my position at Stanford. How could someone just learning how to broil a fish and make miso soup be an expert on Japanese culture, traditional or modern? Not to mention the countless times on the phone when the stranger with whom I was speaking said, "*Sumimasenga, okuni wa doko desu ka?*" ("Excuse me, but what country are you from?") Obviously, I have an accent and my grammar isn't perfect. My husband had to teach me the proper order of stacking folded futons, how to sun them, and how to beat them. Lacking expertise in the realm of gift exchange, I worried that my new relatives would think I was a spendthrift or a cheapskate if I chose the wrong *omiyage*. Until my marriage, I had been accustomed to giving gifts only when I knew exactly what the other person needed or wanted. Wouldn't my in-laws be disappointed by bean cakes from Ise if they could buy the same thing at the store down the street? Then there was the vagueness in speaking about amounts of time and money. Until I broached the topic with my husband, I seriously suspected he and his

parents were trying to hide some awful secrets. I recall how shaken to the bones I was at the behavior of my husband's family during a visit to his terminally ill aunt in the hospital. The woman was bedridden, her life about to be extinguished by cancer. Neither the doctor nor her loved ones told her so. Instead, they promised she'd be back at her kimono business in no time. No matter how many ways my husband tried to explain it, I could not be persuaded that deception is compassionate. How lonely to face death not knowing what is wrong with you, especially when everyone else does, I silently sympathized. Later I was angry. Aren't doctors ethically obligated to be trustworthy? Even more frightening, would my relatives lie to me if I were sick, or just for the sake of convenience? What are the rules of honesty?

Fully aware of how much I did not comprehend Japanese culture, I stood before Stanford students feeling like an impostor. The first question I fielded as pseudo-expert on Japan indicated that the students sensed my uneasiness. "Why do you have a Japanese last name [if you don't look Japanese (implied)]?" At least I could answer that. Whenever I use my maiden name, Robertson, people repeat, "Ahh, Robâto-san." Thinking, "I'm not so stupid I don't know you're not supposed to call yourself san," I would reply, "No. Robâtoson-san." This was confusing because I ended up having to call myself *san* in order to demonstrate that I wasn't using honorifics inappropriately. In any case, it was clear from the start that my lacking a Japanese face made the students doubt my competency as much as I did. We both assumed that a purveyor of Japanese civilization should at least appear Japanese, as though physical features guarantee cultural and linguistic fluency.

My tongue was tied when it came to using phrases such as "the Japanese" in statements like "Japanese people take baths at night" or "Japanese like baseball." I could usually think of a Japanese acquaintance or two

who showers in the morning and who hates baseball. I knew too many Japanese citizens who are so different from each other that broad generalizations seemed senseless. After all, in Japan I do not enjoy responding to statements such as, “ Americans are gun crazy ” and “ Americans eat a lot of meat. ” All I can say is I’m American and I don’t like guns or meat (and neither do the majority of my friends). Similarly, I cringe when Americans say, “ We bombed Japan. ” “ I wasn’t alive! Please don’t count me! ” I feel like shouting. But are generalizations meaningless? Aren’t they precisely where the discourse of culture lies?

Cultural consciousness is born in gaps and fissures. Perhaps my non-Japaneseness was an advantage, I began to reconsider. Ironically, the longer one lives within a culture, the less aware one becomes of its existence. Like air, it is evident only in the presence of other substances, such as water or sulphurous gas. Against what background was I to bring Japanese culture to light? My students did not share a common foundation from which to draw comparisons: they were of Asian, European, African, North and South American origins. How was I to know what aspects of Japanese civilization would seem different enough to qualify as “ culture ” to them? What some of my audience might find exotic about Japan, others might consider unremarkable, everyday, common sense. In the end, I realized that the ability to conceive of another country’s culture holds as its prerequisite security in one’s own. I doubted that without shared standards of normality, without feelings of membership in a larger community of like-minded people, there could even be a notion of culture, one’s own or someone else’s. By eroding the sense of national belonging as a significant source of individual identity, globalization renders cultural contrasting the provincial pastime of a former era, like gazing at seventeenth century *byōbu-e* of world peoples in their native costumes. Lacking confidence that in a

country of immigrants there is such a thing as an average American with whom we could all identify, I retreated from sweeping generalizations about Japan. The personal anecdote was my refuge from the weighty problem of representing Japanese culture to a multicultural group. Granted, the only Japan I knew was through the prism of my own experience.

Of particular concern to me as a teaching assistant was how, vividly but respectfully, to convey the differences I perceived. Many of the professors and graduate students in the field of Japanese studies admit to being highly conflicted in their feelings about Japan. On the one hand, they make a living off of their knowledge about the country and its people. On the other, many flatly state they would never want to live in Japan permanently. They express deep gratitude and humility towards their Japanese advisors, but many dismiss archival excavation and textual annotation as tedious and work, as though their scholarship could exist without it or they were capable of doing it themselves. Through humor, they effect a patronizing attitude towards their subjects. I couldn’t help feeling uncomfortable next to a middle-aged Japanese student as an undergraduate at Columbia University when a former professor ridiculed the Showa emperor in his history lectures. Rather than signaling profound understanding, this sort of laughter accused Japanese of silliness, of mad incomprehensibility. Then again, I found the starry-eyed idealization of Japan among American vegetarians, Zen meditators, and martial arts practitioners charmingly uninformed. Where is the balance between critical interpretation and clinical, if inevitably subjective, reporting? I wished there were some objective truth about the essence of Japanese culture. Without digesting or refracting, I could simply funnel the information down.

In the Introduction to Traditional Japanese Civilization course, I often mediated discussions among

students. One debate centered on the belief widespread among Japanese and Westerners that Kyoto and the culture of its Heian-Kamakura period aristocracy represent unadulterated Japaneseness. Out of political correctness and current scholarly regard for the underdog, we debunked Arthur Waley's, George Sansom's and Ivan Morris' romantic assertions that courtly capital culture defines what is quintessentially Japanese.¹ Let me provide a few examples of the sort of ideas the students were grappling with. Waley, at the beginning of his 1929 abridged translation of the *Pillow - Book of Sei Shōnagon*, confirms the reactions of reviewers to his translation of the *Tale of Genji*: Japan truly is a realm of "rampant aestheticism and sophisticated unmorality," the climax of its decadence situated in Heian period Kyoto when Japanese were introverted, tranquil, homogeneous, purely emotional and so thoroughly absorbed in the passing moment that they could not be disturbed by the blankness of their past. History, or any other empirical endeavor for that matter, was not a Heian (i.e., Japanese) preoccupation. If commoners existed, they were invisible and irrelevant.² Sansom's *A History of Japan to 1334*, published in 1958, remains the most influential textbook in English on premodern Japan. The author devotes a full chapter to defending the historicity of the *Tale of Genji*. Fiction is based on experience, he argues. It is a treasure house for social history because it discloses "the unconscious forces, the unspoken ideas, the silent motives...the inpalpable spirit of an age."³ On the dust cover to Morris' 1969 *World of the Shining Prince: Court Life in Ancient Japan*, which continues to be read in most undergraduate courses on Japanese civilization, we learn that the author has applied his "richly informed historical imagination" to make real and accessible one of the brightest civilizations in history. Waley, Sansom, and Morris so earnestly wanted Genji's world to have been real, they co-opted it into the realm of history.

What is at stake in their books is the vision of an idyllic society and the definition of Japanese culture.

In class we decided that the *Tale of Genji* is, undeniably, a fabrication, as is so much of the *Tale of Heike*. Contemporary, less enchanting documents deserve precedence when it comes to writing the institutional and social history of Japan. And weren't the Yamato people of continental descent? Didn't Heian period Japanese "borrow" steadily from Korea and China? Conversations like this left us deflated and confused as to our purpose. "How can we have a course on traditional Japanese civilization if nothing is truly Japanese?" I remember one student asking. The room fell silent as I scrambled for a response. He was hearing Western overreactions to *nihonjinron* scholarship, I explained. The lecturers had emphasized, somewhat vindictively, the international hybridity of traditional Japanese icons. Among those who value hyper-individuality, essentialist claims of Japaneseness arouse the instinctual urge to hunt for proof of heterogeneity. By focusing so steadily on similarities among rather than differences between Japanese and other cultures, the professors were on the verge of demonstrating that belief in an independent national culture is fallacious.

I never answered the more difficult question of what professors of "traditional Japanese civilization" mean by that phrase. It is easy to define traditional Japanese culture, anachronistically, as whatever existed within the geographical boundaries of the present nation-state from any designated point in time to another. But this is hardly a convenient souvenir of knowledge for students to take into their careers in law, engineering, and medicine. Despite Western scholars' aversion to Japanocentric philosophizing, their (and my future) survival in American academia depends on our ability to guard this corner of the humanities field. We must render Japanese culture malleable enough to package it into ten- or fifteen-week college courses, but esoteric

enough to merit the existence of departments of Japanese studies. Under the constant threat of financial cuts, the question always looms large, “Is Japanese culture relevant to our lives?” Perhaps specialists in the art, history, religion, and literature of Japan are merely in the business of producing a notion of Japanese culture that will preserve their jobs.

This possibility bothered me for a while. I visited Kyoto again, the whole time mulling over the thought, “Arthur Waley never went to Japan.” Is it necessary to walk on Japanese soil in order to know Japanese culture? At Jakkōin I saw the hauntingly exquisite statue of Kenreimon-in. At Seishōen I imagined catalpa bows twanging, Yūgao dying. Outside the city, at Hasedera, I stood beneath the cedars where Tamakazura and Ukon met. At Ichinotani and Dannoura I envisioned the red and white banners waving, the deaths of Atsumori and Antoku. These pilgrimages left me with the eerie feeling that the *Tale of Heike* and the *Tale of Genji* are alive in the landscape of modern Japan, most vigorously apparent in Kyoto. The dry question of historicity seemed insignificant in the hallowed spaces of the city. What did it matter whether “charcoal-dyed cherry blossoms” (*sumizomezakura*) existed at Fukakusa before the place became an *utamakura*? Was there anything wrong with bringing into existence the beauty of the phrase by planting trees, by making words tangible objects? I found our rational critique of Waley, Sansom, and Morris melting away in the cathedral, the amusement park of traditional Japanese civilization that is Kyoto. I, too, took comfort and pleasure in the literary construction of Japanese culture.

This summer I glimpsed what might be the underside of the cheery presentation of Japan’s cultural past. Together with my Nagoya University advisor, his graduate students and colleagues, I entered the archives of a number of Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines. At Saikyōji in Ōtsu, we unlocked the earthen storehouse

where nearly thousand-year old documents are kept. Brushing away cobwebs and shooing away insects, we carried box after box to a sparkling new building in the temple compound where the research was to take place. As we lifted the covers of the wooden boxes and began removing the crumbling paper scrolls, my stomach churned. “The bugs haven’t gotten them that bad this year!” scholars around me exclaimed. Documents that had undergone recent restoration and remounting had new insect chew-tracks. At Ninnaji in Kyoto, there were moments when we held our breath as one of the archivists attempted to unroll documents distorted by humidity and insects. Three thick scrolls were deformed into the shape of *onigiri*. Apparently, the damage occurred within the last hundred years. “They have petrified,” the researcher sighed, tapping them lightly and giving up. From the handwriting on the outside we could tell they dated from the Heian period, that their contents might change our views of the time. With a few hundred thousand yen, their secrets might be revealed, but who had the money? The scholars were spending their own savings to travel to the archives, photograph the documents, feed themselves, and stay in lodgings nearby. Given the pressures of school, they could only afford a day or two a year at each site. The going was slow. Meanwhile, the insects ate away.

Days of handling Heian through Edo period documents left me thoroughly unsettled as to my notion of Japanese culture. Had I been won over by what tourist attractions insinuate, that culture is what you can see? Even *mukei bunkazai* (formless cultural properties) are visible. But who today can really understand how previous generations of Japanese thought? Can anyone see through the eyes of Saigyō’s contemporaries, those who applauded him for kicking his daughter off the veranda and abandoning his family? We do not memorialize the practice of Fudaraku drownings at Shitenōji and Kumano. Few females today would want

to participate in a Heian-style marriage. Few men yearn to chop off heads in battle. This sort of conduct is foreign to modern sensibilities. It does not resonate with our current need for an elegant past, for a commercialized culture. That does not mean we ought to forgo the study the other, be it far away geographically, temporally, linguistically or cognitively. It is only through such endeavors that we gain knowledge of ourselves.

I do not think I and my husband were duped by the tourist industry or the literary history establishment. Nor do I believe that professors of Japanese culture in the United States intentionally misinterpret their subject for the sake of employment. We inhabit a time that calls for the generation of Japanese culture on both sides of the Pacific. Is the real Japan disintegrating in the archives? Yes and no. The archives do need urgent attention. But culture thrives on fantasy as much as it does on actuality. This is not a bad thing. The world would be poorer if our visions of Japanese culture perfectly collided, if we agreed on the essentials of Japaneseness, something to funnel into the brains of tourists and undergraduates. We can no longer assume that only Japanese create Japanese culture, that a foreign

purveyor is an impostor. It is only through the prism of individual experience, through our own hearts and minds, that we can pursue mutual understanding.

By the way, someday I'd like to guide foreigners on study tours through my quasi-historical, literary fantasy of Kyoto. Perhaps, somehow, this could help raise funds to preserve the very real artifacts of Japanese history, the documents that let us in on how Japanese thought long ago.

- 1 Murasaki Shikibu, *The Tale of Genji*, translated by Arthur Waley, (New York: Modern Library, 1960, reprint); Arthur Waley, *The Pillow Book of Sei-Shōnagon*, (New York: Grove Press, 1960); George Sansom, *A History of Japan to 1334*, (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1958); Ivan Morris, *The World of the Shining Prince : Court Life in Ancient Japan*, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969); Sei Shōnagon, *The Pillow Book of Sei-Shōnagon*, translated and edited by Ivan Morris, (New York : Columbia University Press, 1967).
- 2 Waley, *Pillow Book*, p.7.
- 3 Sansom, p. 178.

住まいにみる日本 - 私の観点から -



李 桓

私は中国からやってきて、日本に約11年間住んできた。生活の基本である衣・食・住の諸方面からみると、私は日本で、最も困らなかったのは住であった。というのは、食の面では、例えば最初の頃、「生」に慣れなかったり、衣の面では、やはり自分のスタイルに神経を使ったり（失礼にならないように）して、いろいろ大変だったが、それらに比べ、住の面ではそれほど強烈な不慣れやストレスなどは感じなかった。

しかし、大きな問題を感じなかった住の面でも、小さな、気ままに行かないところはたくさんあった。特に旅行に出たり、他人の家に行ったりする時に、住まいにまだなじんでいないところに気づき、多く考えさせられた。いろいろな小さなところから、私は日本の住まいの特徴を見出し、また、それと日本社会及び日本人の精神構造との多くの共通点を見出した。

この文は私の経験から、日本の住まいを通して、日本文化の特徴を見たものである。

1. 床^{ゆか} - 内と外との峻別

日本の住まいに入ると、まず床に出会う。床に上がらなければ、家に入れない。

床は一般に板敷き（または畳敷き）となっており、地面よりいくらか高くつくられている（高床）。一段高くするようなことは、例えば気候などの物理的な要因から解釈されるが、マンションやアパートの場合もわざわざ段差（一般住宅より小さくなっているが...）を付けることを見ると、物理レベル以上の意味があると考えられる。

「床」という漢字は、中国ではChuangと発音し、特にベッドという意味を表す。もっぱら寝るための道具である床（Chuang）が、日本の住まいの「ゆか」に当てられたことは実に興味深い。日本の住まいがベッドにでも通じる

ような性格（快適性・親密性など）を端的に表しているのではないか。

ベッドと照り合わせてみると、例えば木製であることや、地面から上げられることや、靴を脱いで上がることなど、確かに共通点が多い。違うところは、床の場合は寝ることにだけに限らず、その上で歩いたり、座ったりなどもする。床はベッドの長所をもちながら広く生活に適用されたものである、と言える。感触の暖かい床は住まいに優しい雰囲気をもたらす。

床に上がる時、靴を脱がなければならない。それは日本でほとんど絶対的なルールとなって、生活の中できちんと守られている。あまりに強すぎる（全ての人が屈服しなければならない）ルールなので、宗教的な性格さえ感じさせられる。日本人の家を訪れた歴史学者トインビーは、玄関で靴を脱ぐように言われた時に、複雑な心情を抱いたようなことが、『日本人と住まい』（上田篤著）に取り上げられている。靴を脱いで家に入るような生活習慣を有する国は、数多くないが他にもあるという。例えば朝鮮やビルマなど。靴を脱ぐことは、床の清潔さを保つためであろうが、それによって外と違った領域＝「家の中」に入ったような感じが非常に引き立てられるのである。言い換えれば、内と外が非常に強く分けられるのである。

中国はもともと靴を脱ぐ習慣のない国である。しかし、この頃、生活が段々豊かになるにつれ、家の内装がきれいに仕上げられるケースが増えてきた。そこで、部屋の清潔を保つために、家に入るときに外用の靴をスリッパに履き替えるような生活スタイルが、特に都市部で増えてきた。靴を脱ぐことは、家の中の清潔さが維持されるだけでなく、長く縛られた靴から足も解放され、実に快適なことである。しかし、中国のこのような生活はあくまでも一時的な合理性の追求に過ぎず、強い文化現象ではない。例えば

お客さんが来た場合などは、やはり土足のままで家に入ってもらふようなケースが多々ある。

中国のような土足文化の場合、内と外の区別は壁によるところが多いのに対し、日本の場合は、床によって区別することが大きな特徴であると言える。そこで、靴を脱ぎ、足裏の感触の変化を通じて、われわれは空間の違いを強く自覚させられるのである。日本の家屋の中には、一般に外のもので強く排除される。靴だけではなく、例えば傘やレインコート、また、外遊びの道具（釣具など）やスポーツの道具（ボール）などなど。外用のものは、「玄関」或いは玄関以外のところに置かなければならないのである。このようなことも床に関連すること（清潔を保つため）ではないかと考えられる。

床は住まいに限らず、日本人の生活一般に広く浸透していることが面白い。例えば、京都の鴨川沿いには料理屋の納涼床がある。また、日本の小学校は、広く、木製床を導入している。床は子供の心身の成長に何らかの影響を与えているのではないだろうか。

床は生活に優しさと暖かさをつくりだしている。一方、床は、内部と外部を明確に区別するのである。

2. 畳 - 身への親近性

板敷きの床を更に進むと、畳敷きの部屋などに会おう。畳は綿を固めた床に、い草（灯心草）で織った表面を張ったものである。い草はその肌触りに特有な快適さと涼しさで、中国でも夏の納涼に適したものとして、ベッドや椅子の敷物の材料に広く使用されている。ただし、日本のように畳にしたり、地べたとしての床に敷いたりする習慣はない。

畳は木よりも更に柔らかく傷つきやすいため、扱うには一層の慎重さが必要とされる。畳の上は一般に、硬いものが好ましくない。スリッパの使用も絶対禁止である。私は来日当初、まだ日本の住まいに慣れていなかった頃、ある家に招待され、玄関で室内用のスリッパに履き替えたり、畳の部屋に入るときに脱いだり、トイレに入るときに更にトイレ用のスリッパに履き替えたりして、頭がかなりこんがらがっていた。なんという面倒臭い生活をしているのだろうと思った。

今の時代の日本は、棚やたんすなど収納家具がなければ、とても物を収納しきれないので、多くの家が和室にも家具を導入するようになってきた。畳の上に家具を置く場合、家具の下に板を敷かなければ、畳がいたむ。そして、家具を選ぶ時、座る高さに合わせなければ都合が悪い。畳と家具は、まだまだ矛盾するところが多い。

畳は人が横になったときちょうど体が収まるぐらいのサイズ（約90×180cm）で、一定の法則に従って敷かれる。よくあるような6畳の部屋は私の意識（過去の生活習慣が作用しているから）にとっては、やや狭い感じがするが、もしそこに大きな家具を入れなければ、そこで大きな動きをしなければ、別に不自由を感じず、体にとってはそれなりの余裕がある。畳は人間の体によく合うものだと感じる。

畳の上での生活は非常に特殊なもので、特筆すべきであろう。椅子が除外されるため、「座布団」座るための柔らかい敷物が使われるが、客としてホストと向かい合う時は、その上で足を曲げて座らなければならない（正坐）。このような座り方は慣れていない人にとって大変な苦痛である。私は一時期、座るより立ちっぱなしの方が楽だった。日本では、男性なら、足を前に伸ばすことができるが、女性にはそのようなことが許されない。従って、一層の厳しい側面がある。どうして日本人がこんなに気持ちのいい素材を選んだのに、体を屈するような生活をしなければならないのか。これは実に興味深い問題である。

プライベートな場合は、状況がまた変わる。くつろいだり、ついつい寝転んだりして、日本人は畳の上での生活が大変好きのようである。畳は、快適さと優しさで、木の床より以上にわれわれの心を奥から包んでくれる。畳の上で生活する場合、われわれはそれと無関係ではいられず、常にそれに触れ、そのおいを匂い、それと一体的な関係をなすのである。その上では受益が多い。

私が中国にいたときに会った日本人のことを触れておこう。大学で教えているこの女性の先生は、どうしても宿舍のコンクリート床（地べた）の冷たさに耐えられず、とうとう中国人がベッドに敷くためのい草の敷物（中国では「席子」という）を買ってきて、ベッドのまわりの床に敷いた。中国人の眼で見ると、ベッドの上に敷くべきものを地べたに敷くのは、変な感じがするが、この先生にとって

は冷たいコンクリートからさよならして、大変嬉しかったようだ。その後、私は、この先生が自分のつくった「畳」(席子)の上で仕事をしたり、くつろいだりしている姿を何度も見かけた。どうも椅子やソファよりも「畳」の方が落ち着くようだ。私はこのことから、日本人と畳との深い関係を再認識した。

畳はその優しさと快適さで、日本人の生活と深く関わり、空間に親近性をつくりだすのである。

3. 間(その1) 洗練と空虚の空間

日本の住まいは、部屋が「間」と名づけられる。現代住宅や洋風の場合は、相対的に少ないが、昔の民家や和風の住宅となると、「土間」だの、「居間」だの、「客間」だの、「寝間」だの、「茶の間」など、やたら「間」が多い。「間」という言葉を使うことは何かわけでもあるのであろうか。

「間」は時間的や空間的なあいだを意味するもので、この言葉から、実体的なイメージはあまりしない。中国では、建築に使われる場合、例えば横方向の柱のあいだを表し、或いは、部屋を数えるときの量詞として使われる。各々の部屋についてはむしろ、「室」や「房」や「堂」などのような言葉が好んで使われる。多分こちらの方が、部屋のイメージや役割をつかみやすいからであろう。

しかし、私は「間」という言葉こそ日本の住まいを表すのに適するものだと考える。というのは、日本の住まいにはモノを要せず、実体より空間の方が表現されているからである。

ここで、モノを要しないというのは、日本人が物を使わないという意味ではなく、いわゆる「おもて」の空間には雑物が拒まれ、洗練が求められる、という意味である。これから使われるものも、既に使われたものもストレートに部屋に放置せず、目に見えないところ、つまり「押し入れ」に詰め、収納するのである。部屋は常にものが見えない状態にあり、この状態は「間」と表現するのが最適ではないか。日本の住まいは、収納空間が非常に発達しており、このことは、「間」の状態に要求されたからと言えるかもしれない。

私は中国で、友人が設計した住宅を見て、まず気づくと

ころは収納空間がまったく設けられないことである。私が意見を出しても、彼らはちっとも取り入れようとしない。彼らは頭が硬いという意味ではなく、彼らの頭の中に収納という意味付けがもとよりないということを言いたいのである。中国では、部屋には一般に収納空間がなく、壁は簡素なつくりである。(中国で市場に出されている「商品住宅」を見て、収納空間が設けられていないことにびっくりした日本人が少なくない)。中国人の生活にとってはむしろ、いかに家具で部屋を立派に配置するかという方が重要である。したがって、収納空間を設けて部屋から物を減らすというような「間の思想」は彼らの頭にはない。

日本の場合中国と違い、特に和室には、家具が置かれることが望まれていない。小道具のようなモノも同じく、場面や用によって一時的に置かれ、用が終われば、撤去される。例えばお客さんがいったん帰ると、座布団も場合によって使っていた扇風機も(夏の場合)しまわれるのだ。私が以前、ホームステイ先の主人に何も無い客間に連れられ、「あなたの部屋はここだ」と言われた時、非常に寂しい気持ちを味わった。部屋自体は美しい床の間も付いており、非常にきれい(恐らく普段あまり使われていない)だが、何も家具がなく、空っぽのイメージだった。しかし、しばらくすると、ご主人が押入れの中からコタツと座布団を出して、それから奥さんがお茶とお菓子をもってきてくれた。そして、夕食の後、私がお風呂に入っている間、布団もきれいに敷かれたのだ。

間は、物が収納されることによって、すっきりした状態が常に用意されるのである。

4. 間(その2) 不定性・可動性・遊動性

ホームステイの話をつづけたい。

間はしかし、閉じられた一つの独立したものではない。隣の部屋とは、ただ薄っぺらの襖で分割され、隣の話し声のはっきり聞こえる。私は初めの頃、その隣のことをひどく気にして、自分からなるべく音が出ないようにしようとしたが、それでかえって神経質になって、隣が静かになっても眠れなくなる結果になった。

間はどちらからも入れるようになっている。家のご主人があちらから声をかけてきたり、こちらから物をもってき

たりして、家の空間関係を把握していない私にとって、非常に不思議な感じがした。いったいこの部屋はどうなっているのだろうかと…。

家に一晩も泊まっていれば、今度は、食事や団樂の場所が変わっていく。先日使っていたあのちょっと広めの部屋（客の間？）を使わなくなり、変わって、家の人たちがいつも使っている台所に近い食堂で、みんなと一緒に食事するようになった。また、食後、家の人たちがいつもくつろいでいる居間で、皆さんと一緒にお茶を飲んだり、話したり、テレビを見たりするようになった。このように、2～3日もしないうちに、お客様という気分がすっかりなくなり、家族の一員になったのである。

ある日、ホームステイのお母さんから、茶道を楽しませて頂くことになった。最初の日に食事していたあの部屋に、上品な茶道具が設けられ、その奥のつづき間に茶席が設けられ、一瞬にしてこの家が日本文化を濃く味わう茶の場所に変身したのである。私は2つの間のあいだを往来しながら日本文化を吟味し、抹茶の渋さと香りを（これははじめて）味わったのである。

日本の住まいは、客の種類によって接待の場所が違い、同じ客でも、時によって接待の場所が変わることがある。日本人は間を変えることによって、人間関係を再度味わうのである。

個室を壁によって固定しないということで、空間は最大限の自由度と可能性が得られるのである。襖を開ければ、家全体は一つの大空間になる。このような大空間は、例えばお葬式のときに見ることができるのである。

このように間は暫定的で、不定性・可動性の性格をもっている。日本人の生活は間のあいだで遊動するのである。

5. 勝手口 - むしろ本当の生活の出入口

日本の住まいには一般に勝手口が設けられている。現代の住宅、特にマンションの場合は、物理的に不可能なので、勝手口が付いているケースが稀であるが、伝統的なつくりには、玄関以外に大体勝手口がある。勝手口とは、「台所の出入口」だと辞書に説明されている。「勝手」という言葉がつくので、この出入口は「勝手気まま」という性格があるのではないかと想像ができる。ちなみに、勝手口に対

して、正式の出入口である「玄関」はもと仏教用語で、「奥深い道に入る関門」の意である。

やはり私がホームステイに行った時の事例を話題にしよう。ある夏、ホームステイをした家は、ちょうどご主人がロシア友好訪問のため不在で、私がこの家のお母さんとお姉さん（私より5歳ぐらい年長）と一緒に暮らすことになっていた。早く家事の手伝いをしなければならぬと思って、彼女たちが何かをしに玄関を通る時に声をかけようとした。最初の2、3日間、お母さんとお姉さんが買い物に外に出たり、洗濯物を干しに裏庭にいたりして、家の中も外も、前も後ろもいろいろと出入りしていたが、どうも玄関から通った気配はない。私は時々玄関下の靴をチェックしてみたが、自分の靴がきれいに揃えられている以外には、他人の靴は一つもなかった。私は不思議で仕方がなかった。

何日間も泊まっているうちに、私はかなり家族の一員のようになり、家事の手伝いも認められた。ある日、お母さんと一緒に買い物してきて、勝手口から荷物を台所へ運ぶ時、そこに置かれている靴の量に驚いた。その瞬間、私はこの勝手口こそ彼らの日常的な出入口になっていることに気づいたのである。

そこにホームステイしている間、私はもう一つの面白いことに出会った。ちょうどお盆の頃で、家にお坊さんと呼ぶことになっていた。家のご主人の代わりに、私がお坊さんに付き合うことになった。私は約束の時間に玄関でじっと待っていたが、なかなかお坊さんがやってこない。気がつくとなんとお坊さんが既に仏壇の前で法事の用意をしていた。私は大変驚いていた。謎の気持ちを抱きながらお坊さんと付き合い（法事後お坊さんは弁当を召し上がりながら私と中国の話をした）最後に全てが終わると、私はやはり、お坊さんを玄関から送ろうとしたが、お坊さんは突然縁側から降りてたちまち消えていった。私のその時の気持ちはとにかく不可解で、なぜの連続であった。

日本の住まいは正式の出入口として玄関が設けられているが、実態はその出入口に拘らないようである。場合によって、勝手口の方が常に使われるようになり、実質上の出入口になってしまうのである。

6. 結び - 日本の社会と日本人の精神世界に照らして

私は上の文において、日本の住まいについて一部の要素しか挙げなかったが、この限られたいくつかの要素から、われわれは日本文化について、その特徴を覗くことができるのではないかと考える。

この文において、私は一つの基本的な考えをもっている。つまり住まいは文化の一つの状態であり、表現である。従って、日本の住まいが表しているのは日本文化の基本的な姿勢であり、日本社会の特徴であり、日本人の精神構造である、と考える。

日本の住まいは、「床」(畳を含む)と「間」が大きな特徴をもっている。もっともこの2つは日本人にとって何ともないごく普通のことだが。

日本の住まいは基盤として、木質の床を設け、そして段差を通じて外の地面と区別される。それによって、内部の世界が区分されるのである。このような関係は更に、靴を脱ぐ生活行為によって、意味の強化がはかれるのである。畳も基本的に床と同一の性格のものだが、床より更に進んだ状態(内部性)をもたらすと考えられる。床は一方で、内部への優しさ、身体への親近性(この親近性は特に畳によって作りだされる)をつくりだし、一方では、内部と外部との厳格な区分=峻別をつくりだすのである。床は強い場所性を維持するのである。

一方、生活空間としての間は、雑を好まず、押入れへの収納によってすっきりした性格が得られるのである。間は、家具などによって機能が与えられるのではなく、その都度具体的な出来事によって場所がつけられ、性格が明確化するのである。

本文で取り上げた勝手口の事例は、それほど普遍的にあ

るものではないかもしれないが、日本文化の特徴を一面的に示すものであると考える。日本の住まいには正式な出入口=玄関があるが、現実には、アプローチは玄関に拘らず、使用者の目的によって多様なのである。

日本の社会は、日本の住まいと似ているような性格と構造を持っているのではないかと私は思っている。日本の社会には「内」と「外」があるとよく言われる。それは日本の住まい、特に床に象徴されるように、社会が強い場所性を持っているからである。日本の社会はグループの外と明らかに違う基盤ができており、内向き傾向が強い。そこには、その場に適する以外の要素 - 住まいの場合は例えば土足のようなもの - を簡単に中へ持ち込むことができないのである。その社会にうまく入りこむためには、自ら自分が持っている外の要素を脱ぎ捨てなければ難しい。畳が象徴するように、日本の社会の内部は強いルールがありながら、恵みもある、というような性格を持っている。

一方、日本人の心がよく見えないと外国人はよく言う。日本人はわれわれと違う精神の構造と表現の回路があるからと私は考える。日本人は「間」を好むように、きれいで雑のない心情を好むようである。彼らは、自分の持っている部分、個性などを、押入れに収納しているように、精神のどこかの隅に仕舞っている。従って、われわれがよく出会うのは手がかりのない間の状態に等しい心なのだ。実際に、ある具体的な場面、あるきっかけにおいて日本人の心は非常によく現れるのである。場合によって、間が全開するように、心がオープンな状態を見せてくれるのである。

日本社会へも、日本人へも、接近するアプローチは一つではない。場合によって表の玄関よりは、勝手口の方が通りやすいかもしれない。

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 論文コンテスト)
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編集後記

新しいミレニアムを記念してシリーズ「巻頭エッセイ」
 を始めることにいたしました。まずは、千宗室理事長から
 のメッセージです。粉雪の舞う年の瀬に準備を始めた26号
 でしたが、例年のように作業がはかどらず、お届けが初
 夏になってしまいました。お詫び申し上げます。

Dear Readers,

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